

## Prayers I Don't Like.

I don't like to hear him pray  
Who leans at twenty-five per cent,  
For then I think the borrower may  
Be pressed to pay for food and rent;  
And in that book we all should heed,  
Which says the lender shall be blest;  
As sure as I have eyes to read,  
It does not say, 'Take interest.'

I do not like to hear him pray,  
On bended knees, about an hour,  
For grace to spend aright the day,  
Who knows his neighbor has no flour,  
I'd rather see him go to mill,  
And buy the luckless brother bread,  
And see his children eat their fill,  
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray  
'Let blessings on the widow be,'  
Who never seeks her home to say,  
'If want or sorrow, you come to me.'  
I hate the prayer so long and loud,  
That's offered for the orphan's weal,  
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,  
And only with his lips do feel.

I do not like to hear him pray  
With jeweled ears and diamond dress,  
Whose washerwoman tells all day,  
And then is asked to 'work for less.'  
Such pious shavers I despise!  
With folded hands and face demure  
They lift to heaven their angel eyes,  
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like to hear him pray;  
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;  
No angel's wing them upward bears—  
They're lost a million miles from Heaven!

## BLOWN AWAY.

There were three of them—Kitty, Mary and Tommy—the children of the station-master at Black River Junction, on the Great South-Western Railroad. The station stood alone on the open prairie, miles and miles from any town. In particular, Black River flowed through the mountains, a hundred miles away to the north; and on clear days, the snowy mountains could be seen glimmering on the grassy horizon. The line leading to the Black River met the South-Western here, and thus it was the place was called Black River Junction.

The station-master and his wife and three children lived in the little depot quite happily, but there was not another family within ten miles, in any direction.

At times the children thought it very lonely. There was nothing in particular done, except to watch the trains that stopped at the junction several times a day. Once in a while, a freight train would be left on the side track, and the children soon found that an empty freight-car makes a capital play house. They could keep house in the corners and visit, or sit by the open door and make believe they were having a ride.

One morning, they were awakened by a curious humming sound out of doors, and they all scrambled up and looked out of the window. How the wind did blow! It whistled and roared round the house and played on the telegraph wires upon the roof as upon a huge harp. As the wires were fastened to the roof, the house became a great music box, with the children inside. After breakfast, the morning trains arrived, but the wind was so high that the passengers were glad to hurry from one train to another as quickly as possible. Then the trains went away, and the great wind-whirl on the roof sang louder than ever.

The station-master said that it blew a gale, and that the children must stay in the house, lest they be blown away into the prairie and be lost. The station-master's wife said it was a pity the children must stay in the house all day. There was an empty freight-car on the side track; perhaps they might play in that. The station-master thought this a good idea, and he took Kitty by the hand and Tommy in his arms, and they all went out to the empty car. When it was dark, they were all fast asleep. How it did blow! They certainly thought they would be lifted up by the wind and blown quite into the sky. The empty car was warm and snug, and, once inside, they were quite out of the way of the wind.

Mary thought the rear end would be a good place to sleep, because Tommy preferred the other end, so they agreed to keep house at both ends of the empty car. This was a nice plan, for it gave them a chance to visit each other, and the open part by the door made a grand promenade to Washington.

Louder and louder roared the gale. Safe and snug in the car, they went on with their play and thought nothing of the weather outside.

Suddenly the car seemed to shake, and they stopped in their housekeeping and ran to the door to see what had happened.

'Why, it's moving! Somebody's pushing it,' said Mary.

'They are taking us away on the freight train. Come, we must get out.'

'I didn't hear the whistle,' said Tommy. 'I guess something is pushing the car.'

The station-master's wife rolled up her sleeves to put the children in order, while the children were safely out of the way. The station-master, feeling sure the children were safe in the freight-car, sat in his office nearly all the morning. At last, the beds were made, the dinner put on the fire, and the mother wondered how the girls were getting on in their play house on the track. She threw a shawl over her head and went out on the platform. At once, the wind blew the shawl over her face, and she could not see exactly where she stood. Turning her back to the wind she began to call the children. How loudly the wind roared through the telegraph wires! Perhaps they could not hear in all this din. Maybe, they were inside the car, out of hearing. She walked on toward the siding. Not a thing to be seen! She wondered if there had not been a mistake? Perhaps, the car was on the other side track? No, the rails were unoccupied as far as she could see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station and started her husband with a cry of despair.

'The car! The children!' The station-master ran out upon the platform and looked up and down the line. Not a car in sight! It had been blown away by the terrible wind, and was perhaps at this instant rolling swiftly onward with a precious load to destruction. What would happen to it? Would it meet a train or run into a station? Would the children try to get out, or would they stay in the car till it was wrecked?

He sprang to the door of the depot to telegraph the terrible news down the line, but just as he opened the door he saw a faint white cloud on the western horizon. It was a train. Help was coming. At the same instant, his wife appeared with new grief and terror in her eyes.

'I cannot get a call in either direction. The wires are blown down.' This only added to the danger, for there was now no means of sending word in advance of the runaway car. It must go on to its fate without help or warning.

'Help is coming, mother. Here's a train bound east.'

Nearer and nearer came the train, and the father and mother stood watching it as it crept along the rails. It seemed as if it would stop. At last, it came to a halt. The mother, with her terrible story, found the conductor and demanded that the engine be taken off and sent after the children.

The conductor was a man of regular habits, and such a bold request struck him as something extraordinary. Take the engine off and leave the train and passengers waiting at this lonely station? The idea was preposterous! Some of the passengers gathered near and asked what was the matter.

The conductor said, 'Yes, go in an empty car. Some one said, "Yes, go in an empty car." We can wait here till the engine returns.' The conductor said he must telegraph for instructions; but some one said, 'The wires are down, and the people only expect the train to stop. Let the engine go!' so the mother ran to the tender and began to pull out the pin, that the engine might start.

'Hold on, marm,' said a brakeman. 'I'll cast her off. You jump aboard, if you want to go too. Fire up, Jack, and make her hum.'

It was all done in a moment, and away flew the engine, leaving the conductor and the station-master staring in surprise at this singular proceeding.

'Fire away, Jack,' said the engineer to the fireman, 'and no use to get excited, for we're in for a long race.'

'It's enough to make a fellow excited to see that woman,' said the fireman.

The engineer turned around, and there by his side stood the mother, her eyes shining and her face pale. 'Let the engine go!' so the mother ran to the tender and began to pull out the pin, that the engine might start.

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was inside when it passed, and didn't see it when it passed, and didn't see it when it passed. How long it took to fill the tender! The engine stood hot and smoking by the water-tank, and the water came out in a slender stream, while the poor mother stood looking on, fearful and impatient.

'Good-bye! I'll put up the pipe.—Heaven help ye!—the up grade.—The rest was lost, for the engine stood ahead on and on over the open prairie. The water tank seemed to sink into the earth, and the shining rails stretched longer and longer out behind.

And What was that? A cloud of steam on the horizon, far ahead. The engineer took out his time-book and studied it carefully.

'Freight No. 6, bound west, stopping on the two mile siding.' How swiftly Freight No. 6 rose above the grass and grew big above the way! Listen! A whistle. The engineer whistled in reply and shut off steam. Their engine, quickly slowed down, and they could see men leaning out from the other engine, as if to speak to them.

'It's ten minutes back. Running slow on main-line, read—clear—' 'Thank Heaven!' said the woman. The engineer said nothing; but at that instant the engine gave a great leap and shot ahead, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, up the easy grade. How long the minutes seemed, and yet each meant almost a mile!

'Ah! A speck—a black dot on the horizon! The car? Yes, that was the car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now they could see it plainly. But the children! Where were they? The fireman sprang out through the forward window and ran along the engine and down upon the cow-catcher. The monster began to slacken its terrible pace, and in a moment it struck the car with a gentle jar and stopped.

The fireman thought himself a lively man, but the woman before him and sprang up into the car.

'There they lay, safe and sound, in the corner of the car—Mary and Tommy asleep, and Kitty watching over them. 'Oh! mother! I knew you would come. Mary and Tommy cried themselves to sleep, and I—'

Nobody could say a word. The fireman tried to rub his eyes, and only marked his face with black streaks. The mother laughed and cried all at once. The engineer picked up the little ones and quietly took them into the cab of the engine.

Where, now, my hearties, you have had a risky ride; but it's all right. Come! We're more than thirty miles from home, and it won't do to be late to dinner. Fire up, Jack.'

Aye, aye, said Jack.—St. Nicholas.

## The Great Walking Contest.

The international 'go as you please' pedestrian contest, which began at Agricultural Hall, London, has resulted in a victory for Weston, the American, who, in the surprise of all England, has made the most wonderful score on record. At the beginning of the match odds greatly favored the British champion, Brown, and Weston's chances were regarded as extremely doubtful. But few bets were taken on him, and the odds were heavily against his winning the belt or even sharing the gate money.

On the first day of the race, however, he started out with apparent determination to excel himself, and succeeded in the first twenty-four hours in covering 118 miles to 116 miles and some, as a dog's eyes, which makes him follow his master anywhere and everywhere, content only to be with him, regardless of locality, which makes him rise from a lair to watch his tail and smile as a dogging, and which leads him to mourn his life away on his master's grave, is utterly unknown to the cat. She is altogether selfish. She will not allow her comfort to be interfered with. She has no notion of doing her master any good, excepting herself alone for her master's benefit. If she catches the rats that would otherwise torment him, and keeps his granaries free from mice, it is not because she feels it her duty to do so, but because she feels that it is to her own advantage to do so.

On the fourth day Brown's troubles began with an affection of the leg and general reaction of his system. Weston's pace had forced Brown to superhuman exertion and overtaxation of his energies. The result was a general breakdown. Weston, whose system throughout the race has been wonderfully sustained, then went to the front, and maintained his remarkable speed notwithstanding to the end. He made the unprecedented score of 550 miles in 141 hours and fifty-five minutes.

Sad Ending of a Honeymoon. Mrs. A. Rollard, aged about twenty-five years, wife of A. Rollard, manufacturer of firearms, Liege, Belgium, lost her life at Niagara Falls. The couple arrived at the falls from the train upon an extended wedding tour around the world, and were intending to go to New York and sail for home. In company with her husband she visited the Three Sisters islands, and borrowing a pocket cup of her husband, stooped over to get a drink, when she slipped and fell over the bank into the water, being rapidly carried over the Horse-shoe Falls, which are but a short distance from where she fell in. Her husband had stopped back a short distance from where she was, with his back toward her at the time, when he heard her scream, but was unable to reach her.

## Curiosity of Boys.

A lady who had much experience in teaching both boys and girls, speaking of the extraordinary obtuseness of a certain pupil, said:

'In a physiology class this young lady of fifteen inquired with languid surprise, of Dr. Nesbitt, "What is the meaning of the head from one ear to the other?"—a somewhat natural conclusion, the teacher commented dryly, "if she had ever watched the processes of her own mind."

'Which would you prefer teaching, asked a visitor, "boys or girls?"

'Boys, infinitely,' was the prompt reply. 'No boy, for instance, would ever have asked such a question as that. He would long before have investigated the subject with a lead pencil. Not probably, in his own ears, she added meditatively, "but in his younger brother's,"

## Treasury Girls in Washington.

More industrious, more punctual, more painstaking, more obedient, more patient, than the men in similar situations, as these employees are, yet all their efforts go for little if some man wants their place, and has more political influence than they can command. What it is to them to have these places can be imagined when it is known that not one in twenty can see her salary for herself alone, and that frequently the tales of suffering one hears concerning the lives of these women are heart-rending; this one is a widow with children, and has nothing but the little salary to provide everything; that one is a young girl with invalid parents to support; these are friendly old women who have only the almshouse before them should they be dismissed; another, whose clothes are sadly worn, whose boots are bursting at the heels, and who has no money to buy new ones, is giving all she has above bare subsistence to educate her orphaned brothers and sisters; here are those by the score who, although born to all lady-like indulgence, occupy a room with others, with no other through life by means of self-denial and hard work and the remembrance of past splendors; and here are those utterly alone in the world, to whom the sight of the yellow envelope of dismissal is the flat of doom—and, indeed, the envelope now is often sent to them at their homes, so distressing have the fainting scenes in the office become to those who are helpless in the matter. Knowing how invaluable are these situations to so many who have no other means of keeping their heads above water, and how anxious to apply for them who have other avenues of support.

We doubt if there is anywhere else assembled in the world so large a body of women as these employees possessed of such virtues, sound breeding, and such social accomplishments. Of course there are a few among them with giddy heads or mean natures. Although there have been some pretty faces that have married their owners to a senator, a judge, a governor—in one instance to a foreign nobleman and expectations. Of course there are a few among them with giddy heads or mean natures. Although there have been some pretty faces that have married their owners to a senator, a judge, a governor—in one instance to a foreign nobleman and expectations. Of course there are a few among them with giddy heads or mean natures. Although there have been some pretty faces that have married their owners to a senator, a judge, a governor—in one instance to a foreign nobleman and expectations.

White or light silk may be cleaned by rubbing it on both sides with Indian meal, and carefully dusting it with a bit of silk or fine handkerchief. The same process may be used on kid gloves.

The overcoat most liked for woolen and wash dresses has a deep apron front, simply hemmed, and a long draped back. When of double-width woolen goods, two breadths suffice for the entire overcoat.

Cretonne lambrequins are much festooned and edged with ball fringe; they are put above muslin or striped lace curtains; there are also Irish plain linen and damask draperies for windows where cottage furniture is used.

## SUMMER ROUND HATS.

A novelty for round hats is the introduction of the white India muslin scarf to be wound around the crown, or else to be drawn over the face when a veil is needed. This is the sheerest cream-white muslin, and is very effective on the Scotch turbans that are lately imported. A black English straw turban has the closely rolled brim covered with gay Scotch plaid velvet, while two full rosettes of myrtle green satin are on the left of the crown. The India muslin scarf is then twisted around the crown, and hangs down behind considerably over a yard in length.

## The Nature of Cats.

Though kitty loves place, she sets little value upon possession. She knows how to make a great deal of care 'tappenny' worth more for its master or mistress than anybody else who was kind to it; of course, all animals are shy of strangers. She enjoys lying in her mistress's lap because it is a warm soft place, and she knows that she is safe there. That real love which shines out of a dog's eyes, which makes him follow his master anywhere and everywhere, content only to be with him, regardless of locality, which makes him rise from a lair to watch his tail and smile as a dogging, and which leads him to mourn his life away on his master's grave, is utterly unknown to the cat. She is altogether selfish. She will not allow her comfort to be interfered with. She has no notion of doing her master any good, excepting herself alone for her master's benefit. If she catches the rats that would otherwise torment him, and keeps his granaries free from mice, it is not because she feels it her duty to do so, but because she feels that it is to her own advantage to do so.

## How they Return from Leadville.

'Why is it,' asks a correspondent, 'that if Leadville, the great mining center of Colorado, is as bad a place as you describe, we never see any of its people back to back to back? Oh, well, that is easily enough explained. When a young man sets out for Leadville, he arranges himself conspicuously for a day or two prior to his departure; then he has the fact of his going and the train and the fact of his coming back. He is a paper, and at the appointed time he goes rattling down to the depot in an open carriage two hours before train time, and swaggers up and down the platform while he waits, and as the train goes off he leans out of the window and yells a personal good-bye to everybody on the platform. But when he comes back he sneaks his return so as to strike his native town by a back road, after dark; he sneaks home through the alleys, climbs over the back fence, peeps at the kitchen window and begs, under his breath, to be let in; and when he gets in he stays in bed three or four days, while his new clothes are being made and the doctor is trying to count the blisters on his feet. Oh, it's easy to explain why we never see them come back; but they do come back all the same.'

Too Quick with the Application. The following incident is related of Dr. Nesbitt, formerly president of Dickinson college, at Carlisle, Penn. 'It amazes me that ministers don't write better sermons. I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs,' said a lady, in presence of Dr. Nesbitt. 'But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write sermons,' suggested the doctor. 'Yes,' replied the lady, 'but you are so long about it. I could write one in half the time, if I only had a text.' 'Oh! if a text is all you want,' said Dr. Nesbitt, 'I will furnish you one. Take this one from Solomon: "It is better to dwell in a corner of a house-top than in a wide house with a brawling woman." Do you mean me, sir?' inquired the lady, quickly. 'Oh! my good woman,' was the response, 'you will never make a sermonizer. You are too quick with your applications.'

## Fashion Notes.

Bunting balmorals are shown for summer wear.

There are silk gloves now with ten buttons on.

Mattings now come in dark green and brown colors.

Pretty gingham dresses may be bought ready-made for \$5.

Tiny machine-made tucks are used for overskirt trimmings.

One of the odd jewelry designs is an axe half-buried in a log.

A new tint called 'petunia' is half way between lilac and mauve.

New fern-leaf carpets are in Persian colors, with light borders.

Basques of a different material from the skirt will be fashionable in the autumn.

The newest and prettiest lawn comes in 'moonlight' blue, pale green and bismer color.

Undressed kid gloves, lisle-thread with cloaked wrists, and lace mitts will be used for church.

Black batiste mantles, trimmed with Breton lace and bows of ribbon, are the latest wrap prepared for summer gowns.

Many of the new jackets are strapped across the front, over the vest. This makes a very pretty finish for a jaunty basque.

Black is the color most worn by Parisian as well as New York ladies, and it is sometimes difficult to determine whether they are in mourning or not.

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The overcoat most liked for woolen and wash dresses has a deep apron front, simply hemmed, and a long draped back. When of double-width woolen goods, two breadths suffice for the entire overcoat.

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The Faval straw round hats for out-of-town use are very daintily trimmed with shirred foulard inside the brim, and a grenadine scarf around the crown; field-fleur clusters are under the brim on the left side and behind. But this straw is very fresh and in its place the Rough-and-Ready or the Mackinaw straws are preferred, with stiff brims, and in creamy yellow, brown, or black. Very stylish black rough straw hats have the straight stiff brim lined with black satin, on which three rows of gold braid are laid near the edge. Around the crown is a wide satin scarf; a red and black wing is stuck in the left side. Others, of rough yellow straw, shade the forehead, and are short behind without being turned up. These are trimmed with rosettes of raveled satin in two alternate colors, such as cream and red, or yellow with bottle green; the rosettes are around the crown, and there is a large Alsatian bow on top made of black velvet, or of satin-strips of dark green and red, or of a white muslin scarf trim such hats, and still others have wide stiff scarfs in stripes of blue with old gold, or red with green. Regular flats of rough straw have alternate plaitings of black and of light Breton lace around the crown, and partly covering the brim.

## Success of Manufacturers South.

The experience of existing cotton mills in Georgia is so encouraging that the rapid development of the manufactures of that State is assured. The net earnings of the Eagle and the Rock, two cotton manufacturing companies, of Columbus, for the year just closed amounted to ten and a half per cent. on the capital stock of \$1,387,340. Another mill recently finished will double the capacity of the factory at Macon, which is now producing 100,000 bales of cotton annually. The assets of the company are \$2,828,731, and the liabilities \$1,347,250—leaving a surplus of \$1,481,481, including the quick capital, available in sixty days, of \$881,438. The Columbus Inquirer-Sun shows what great benefit the State has been to Columbus as well as to the stockholders. The total number of employees is about 1,000, and there are nearly 5,000 people drawing support from the working of this corporation, which pays out over \$400,000 annually for wages. The products embrace over 150 varieties of goods, and the daily consumption is forty-three bales of cotton and 800 pounds of wool.

## A Skull as a Plaything.

Recently the head of Frank Tolles, the leader of a band of highwaymen, was borne into Cheyenne, W. T., and exhibited to a jubilant crowd. There are further interesting points in relation to that head. When the citizens had taken a good look at the thing it was buried on a prairie in the outskirts of the town. In passing over the prairie a few evenings ago G. P. Clark saw the skull dancing along and bobbing up and down among the cactus bushes. Clark's hair stood on end. He and his partner, when he reached Cheyenne he was as white as a sheet. Everybody scoffed at his story, but a few were induced to go out and take a look. They, too, saw the skull sitting hither and thither. Next morning a large crowd went out to investigate. There again was the moving skull. The boldest in the party approached. He drew nearer and nearer. All at once a little prairie dog bounded from the skull and shot away into its hole near by. The prairie dog had appropriated the highwayman's head for a plaything.

Uneasy lies the man who has already been caught at it once or twice.

## Among the Peach Orchards of Delaware.

Half a century ago an insignificant tract of land bordering the south bank of the Chesapeake and Delaware canal, which, bisecting the State of Delaware, connects the two great bays from which it takes its name, and forms the northern boundary of the fruit district of the peninsula to-day, was put under cultivation by the well-known Philadelphia millionaire, Ridgway, and his partner, a practical fruit-grower of New Jersey, named Reeves. At that time Northern and Central New Jersey was the orchard of both Philadelphia and New York, and the two speculators proposed, if possible, to supply the former market from nearer home. A few thousand peach and a few hundred other fruit trees were the extent of their venture. The fruit of their example now covers two-thirds of the State of Delaware, extending almost without a break from the canal to within a few miles of the southern border, and encroaching extensively on the eastern shore of Maryland.

Leading to the heart of the peach country the road faces through a vista of orchards broken only by occasional villages or stations; and even they, like the pleasant homes of the planters themselves, are fairly bowed in fragrant groves of the ever-present fruit. The earth teems with abundance everywhere. The orchards are marvels of thrift and cultivation, for careful culture has reduced them to the symmetrical and decorous beauty of well-kept gardens.—Broken fences are unknown. Dead trees, scrub bushes, weeds and grass show themselves nowhere. They are as rigidly banished, even from the borders of the public roads, as they would be in a royal conservatory.

In their place, thickly planted between the fruit trees, the soil of the peach groves sustains great crops of corn, vegetables and berries of all sorts. Scarcely a foot of the ground under cultivation is not utilized to its fullest extent. This is less an economic than a protective measure, however. By keeping up these ground crops the planters protect their orchards from any incursions of the dreaded weed 's.' There are some extremely novel and beautiful features of this subordinate cultivation, as it may be called. The extensive farm of Mr. Brown, of Wyoming, for example, is entirely surrounded by a fence of bearing grapes, whose yield last season is claimed to have been a ton of fruit to every forty rods of fence. This novel hedge is constructed by planting along the posts at equal distances of eight feet and connecting them with wires, over which the vines are trailed. The experiment is a perfectly safe one, as the State laws impose exorbitant penalties on people who allow their cattle to go at large on the public highway, and the growers themselves have too much at stake not to observe the law.

Another feature of this grape-hedged estate, and one in which it is imitated by many smaller ones, is the alternate planting of peach and apple trees in the orchards. By this process, when the peach trees become unfruitful, they can be removed and fresh ones planted, during whose progress toward maturity the planter harvests apples. Work on the farm is therefore never at a stand-still, and the orchards always pay their way.

The peach sales of some of the principal centers last season were enormous. Dover exported 265,000 baskets; Wyoming, 300,000; Smyrna, 270,000; Torrington, 235,000; Middletown, 200,000; Milford, the center of the southern orchards, 130,000. These figures are entirely separate from those applying to the canneries and evaporators, and represent solely the fruit shipped to market in its natural state.

## The Fate of the Napoleonic Heirs.

Unfortunate as was the death of young Louis Napoleon at the hand of the savages, taken by surprise, enlisted in a cause not his own, and made a martyr, the best not a cause of his country or his own, his death was less unfortunate than that of his second cousin, the Duke of Reichstadt, son of the great emperor, who was king of Rome and heir to the French throne, and a sturdy soldier, lieutenant in the Austrian artillery. There seems to be a remarkable parallelism in the fortunes of these two princes. One died at twenty-one, the other was killed at twenty-three. Both had brilliant prospects at the time of their deaths; both were only sons and only children; both lost their prestige and chance by the military downfall of their imperial fathers; both were forced to quit their native country; both were educated in foreign military schools—one in Austria, the other in England; both were of delicate constitution; both were amiable, generous and estimable, without inheriting the paternal strength; both pined for opportunities; both came to an untimely end. The two youths were as gentle and likable as their fathers were selfish, cruel and treacherous. Yet their fathers had magnificent success up to a certain time, and lost their power by overreaching ambition. There is something very dramatic in the fact that the sole son of Napoleon I., the greatest force in modern times, should have sickened life away at Schonbrunn, and that the sole son of Napoleon III., should be pierced to death with Zulu spears in a battle and barbarism, and in a cause in which he had embarked simply for political effect.

## Equal to Them.

A good story is told in Edinburgh about the genial professor Professor Blackie. One day, shortly before the close of the late session, the professor being through some cause prevented from lecturing, there was posted on the Greek class-room door a notice to this effect: 'Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to attend his class to-day. A waggish student, springing this, scrawled out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence, and made it appear as if the professor was regretful at his inability to meet those fair specimens of humanity familiarly known outside the college quadrangle as the "lasses." But who can joke with Blackie? The keen-eyed old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another letter, and left the following to be read by whom it might concern: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day to meet his asses!"

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The Georgia railroad forbids its hands to smoke or swear while on duty.

The river Lena, in Siberia, remains frozen for nine months of the year.

There is a justice of the peace in West Alexandria, Virginia, who has married over 1,400 couples.

A German woman named Schuler, residing in Australia, recently gave birth to five children at once.

General Longstreet had his pocket picked of a gold watch and chain in Gainesville, Ga., a few days ago.

It is estimated that during the great German singing festival in Cincinnati ten million glasses of beer were drunk, at a cost to the consumers of \$500,000.

The czarowitz, the heir to the Russian crown, mixes freely with the people. He is not afraid of the nihilists, and is said to be in no danger from them.

Princeton college, New Jersey, is now absolutely out of debt, and the managers have signed an agreement under no circumstances to contract any debts hereafter.

Mr. Vail has a pinery of 1,700 pine-apple plants at New Smyrna, Fla. Two hundred have fruit on them two-thirds grown, that are said to be equal to any on the Bahamas.

A Beaufort, S. C., man has a Russian bloodhound which measures six feet six inches from his nose to the tip of his tail, stands three feet three inches high, and weighs one hundred pounds.

The war steamer Wachusett has been sent by the naval department to the South, and to navigate the Mississippi as high as possible, to give Southern and Western boys a chance to enlist in the navy.

A correspondent states that since the advent of California mining speculators in New York city, many of the staid old merchants are dabbling largely in mining stocks in hope of making a fortune at a stroke.

Dr. J. R. Haynes, of Indianapolis, Ind., who has experimented on hundreds of animals, claims that hyperdermic injections of mother tincture of iodine is a sure relief for the bite of the deadly rattlesnake.

Of the \$400,000,000 four per cent. certificates issued, but \$47,120 remain undisposed of in the hands of the various depositories, and \$17,464,000 of the amount issued have been converted into four per cent. bonds.

A man at Chicopee, Mass., thought it a good joke recently to gather a bucketful of potato bugs from his own garden and throw them over into that of his neighbor. A suit for damages has made the joke seem less amusing.

Ephraim Wilson, a farmer near Wilmersburg, Ind., has a magnificent well. The water, which flows from it in a stream, is highly charged with electricity, and so strongly magnetized that a knife blade held in it will lift a nail.

Hundreds of cattle have died in Colorado of a disease called bloody murrain, said to have been introduced by the drovers. The cattle waste rapidly and vomit blood. Great fear is expressed that the plague will spread to all the vast droves of that region.

The Old Colony railroad of Massachusetts has paid damages to over 600 persons injured by the fall of a trolley, amounting to about \$250,000. It is understood that the company will pay no dividend, making a year of dividends lost on account of the accident.

Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Boker, Steadman, Holland, Margaret J. Preston and other poets of note, have sent in subscriptions to a volume containing the poems of the eminent Southern poet, Paul H. Hayne, in book form, as a memento of the f







# The People's Press.

## Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements.  
Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 6 p. m., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 a. m.  
TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAIL.  
RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem, closes every day, except Sunday at 4:00 p. m. Due every day, except Sunday, by 10:50 p. m.  
MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Dalton, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30 a. m. Due every day except Sunday at 6 p. m.  
DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germantown and Walnut Cove. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30 a. m. Due every day, except Sunday, by 3 p. m.  
HUNTSVILLE, via Lewisville and Panther Creek. Closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30 a. m. Due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday by 10 a. m.  
RICHMOND HILL, via Mount Bent, Virginia, Red Plains and East Bend. Closes Monday and Friday at 6:30 a. m. Due Tuesday and Saturday by 2 p. m.  
FULTON, via Friedberg, Advance and Elherville, closes every Friday, at 6:30 a. m. Due every Saturday, by 8 a. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

Subscribed for the Press.

Fruit distilling has commenced.

Next Sunday is the sixth after Trinity.

This year they will number twenty-four before Advent sets in.

New Moon next Saturday. Indications, according to Herschel's weather table, showery.

Rufus S. Bynum, son of B. F. Bynum, of Stokes county, recently died in Waxahatchie, Texas.

We have experienced very warm weather here, during the past week, the thermometer ranging from 90 to 100.

One hundred and ninety-seven days past, and one hundred and sixty-eight to come before the close of the year.

Complaints reach us from the upper South that distemper is prevalent among the sheep.

Frank Mickey informs us that he lost three dogs, one valuable bull terrier, of distemper last week.

Mr. Poulson's fine English setter dog also has the distemper very badly.

Mr. Poulson's fine full-blooded English setter has a litter of nine pups. We noticed a beautiful liver and black, the other seven being white and brown spotted.

Z. G. Hege has removed his Cabinet Store to Bethania.

Winston is to have a town scale of 4 tons capacity.

Elm Street Sunday School picnic to-day at Harrison Reid's.

The I. O. G. T. met at High Point, yesterday, in District Convention.

The dried blackberry market opens at 3 cents. This is lower than it ever has been.

Home-made wheat straw hats are selling at 25 cents. We have seen several broad-brimmed hats that almost equal an umbrella.

Our public square looks parched since the 4th. A fountain in the centre of the grounds would be convenient for irrigation.

Col. Wm. Johnson of Charlotte, and Hon. Wm. M. Robbins spoke at the Railroad meeting in Yadkinville, yesterday.

It was hot enough last week for any purpose. We learn a little girl was taken on our streets with something like sun stroke.

Water Melons appeared on the streets on Saturday Monday and Tuesday last. They were small, and high priced at 25 cents each.

PERSONALS.—Prof. Agthe left for the North on Monday, expecting to visit friends and enjoy the sea-coast watering places.

The Misses Van Vleck left for Washington on Wednesday last.

Treats to ice-cooler, along with the thermometer at 100°, are to printers, like angel's visits, but our compositors, including the "devil" are under many obligations to Mr. G. Poulson who so kindly remembered them on last Thursday evening.

The peach crop will not even realize the fond hopes of those who would be satisfied to have "enough to eat." Many dropped off before maturing, and others were wormy and rotten, and of course worthless.

We are pleased to see the favorable notices of the visiting reporters of the State press, on the recent 4th. The beautiful representation of the Coat of Arms of the State has been photographed and made a charming picture.

RAILROAD ELECTION.—The Cornet Band was out on the eve of the Railroad subscription election in Winston. There was but little excitement at the Court-house. The subscriptionists carried the day by some 60 votes.

The Academy, for June, will be out this week, containing much interesting matter concerning the old seat of learning. Rev. E. Rondthaler has written a letter from Europe for its pages. The number is more than usually interesting.

The South Fork Bridge, on the main Salisbury road, gave way on the 3rd instant just as a carriage with ladies and gentlemen passed over. No damage, only it was a narrow escape, and the settling of a part of the bridge caused some trouble with the horses.

Dog Days begin next Sunday, and last until the 30th of August. We have had but weather enough before the "heated term" commences. The thermometer ranged high North, South, East and West. Here we sweltered under the hundred, from noon until about sunset, and then these little registers indicated 85 and 90.

FINE RAINS on Saturday and Sunday evening. In some localities some five miles below town, a considerable storm prevailed, blowing and breaking down corn and washing the ground considerably. A good steady rain is much needed, to secure good upland corn crops, and to enable the farmers to turn clover and stubble ground.

## HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

The newest thing out, E. A. Ebert's five cent counter, over eight hundred articles for sale at five cents each.

SETTING BELL HEARD FROM.—Intelligence received from headquarters states that Sittling Bell held a council on the 4th instant in which he declared that he would ever visit Winston, N. C. He would call at S. E. Allen's Hardware Store and examine that large stock of new and useful Hardware, which Allen is now selling cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

Chas. Emerson, of Emerson's Publishing Company, of Danville, Illinois, is in town getting up a directory of Salem and Winston. We have examined similar directories of other places and find them full of valuable information. He is at the Merchants' Hotel. Any information relative to the two towns and the county will be thankfully received.

COMMERCIAL DRUGS.—We wish to call the attention of our readers to the fact that time and money are both wasted in buying commercial drugs and medicines. They are often kept on hand for years, lose their strength, and consequently become worthless. Take our advice and don't tamper with such stuff, but always go to Smith's Drug Store, Winston, N. C., where you will find the Purest and Freshest Drugs and Medicines at prices which defy competition.

REUNIONS.—On Saturday morning last a horse attached to a lively stable buggy, came down town full tilt, clearing everything before him in his mad career. The horse started in front of the Central Hotel and was not stopped until beyond the Salem bridge. Happily the buggy was empty, and though he made things lively for pedestrians and persons on horseback, no damage of any amount was sustained. Carelessness was the cause of the affair, as it is in most runaway cases.

DWELLING BURN.—On last Thursday morning the dwelling of Reuben Crater, in South Fork township, (the old Martin Rominger one) was discovered to be on fire by Mr. Crater's mother-in-law, who gave the alarm just in time for the family to save themselves. Everything was lost except some bedding. Supposed to have caught on the roof from the kitchen chimney. Luckily there was but little wind, and the barn and out-houses were saved. The sympathy of the whole community are with the unfortunate parties. Pecuniary aid has, to some extent, been given by the neighbors and citizens of Salem and Winston.

Call and see the five cent counter at E. A. Ebert's establishment; it is surprising the number of useful articles you can buy at five cents each.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT.—G. W. Hinshaw, Martin Grogan, Robert Gray, John Boyer and Charles Atwood, were appointed Commissioners by the Board of County Commissioners to lay off a public road running with the paper mill road and intersecting with the Clemmons road.

Theo. Kimball and J. C. Patterson were appointed to examine and provide for all necessary repairs to Todd's Bridge over South Fork. The repairing of the bridge will be let out to the highest bidder, on the 28th instant.

Petition was filed to have a public road opened sixty feet wide from the end of Shallow Ford street to the corporate limits of the town of Winston on an air line and intersecting the present Shallow Ford road at or near Frank Brendle's barn.

Petitions were presented to the Board from several townships, asking that an election be held, as provided for by law, submitting the question of "Fence Law" or "No Fence Law." At the August meeting the Commissioners will act on all petitions presented. Let the townships be prepared to submit their petitions then without fail.

NOTICE.—The physicians eligible to membership in the State Medical Society, the mayor of Winston and the County Surveyor will meet the Chairman of the County Commissioners in the town of Winston, on Tuesday, the 22nd inst., for the purpose of organizing a County Board of Health, in accordance with an act of the last Legislature.

July 8th, 1879. A. E. CONRAD, Chm.

JULY ASTRONOMY.—Toward the end of this month six planets will be prominent in the evening sky. Venus, Mercury and Uranus may be seen in the earlier part of the evening, an hour after sunset, and Jupiter, Saturn and Mars are above the horizon before midnight. The three latter are approaching their opposition, and are consequently increasing in size and brightness. The July moon was full on the 3d. On the 11th she was near Mars and Saturn. The new moon of the 19th is in conjunction with both Mercury and Uranus when two days old. On the 22nd the loveliest conjunction of the month takes place between the moon and the fairest of stars—Venus.

Acknowledgments.—At a meeting of the 4th of July Committee, on Tuesday evening, July 8th, 1879, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, 1. That the thanks of this committee are due, and are hereby tendered, to the President of the day, Ministers, Speakers and Readers. Also, to those of our citizens who contributed so liberally of their time, labor or money towards its arrangements; but especially to the ladies of our town who the committee desires to make acknowledgement, as it was mainly to their indefatigable labors that the committee is indebted for the grand success which attended our 4th of July celebration.

Resolved, 2. That a copy of the foregoing resolution be furnished to each of our city papers, with a request that it be published.

Signed, A. B. GORRELL, Chairman, S. H. Smith, J. L. Fulkerson, S. E. Allen, J. B. Bickenderfer, T. J. Brown, E. E. Ebert, J. A. Blum, H. A. Siddall, W. P. Ormsby, J. W. Hunter, J. A. Robinson, J. W. Goslen, R. L. Patterson.

The Committee on decorations desire to render thanks to all who so kindly devoted their time and energy to make the celebration of the 4th a grand success. Where so many come in for a share of honorable mention, it is difficult to name; but special mention is due to the Misses Lizzie Clitty, Emma Lehman, M. Pogue, G. Stewers, Emma DeSchweinitz, Alma Carmichael, Adie Vogler, Mamie Schuber and Lilla Croeland, who were untiring in this work. The first named certainly deserves much credit for fine taste displayed. May they all live to enjoy many similar festivals.

J. BICKENDERFER, F. H. SHULTZ, F. H. FRIES, REV. A. L. LICHTENTHALER, J. L. FULKERSON.

FOR SALE.—A Singer Sewing Machine. Used only 2 years. Is in perfect order. Top cover old walnut. Cost \$65 with all attachments. Will sell for \$35 cash. Apply at this office.

## There seems to be a crusade against

the Alantus tree, on account of breeding sickness. The tree is a free grower, and takes root anywhere, and is a nuisance on that account, but as to being unhealthy, we cannot believe it. Trees stop Miasma, but do not generate fevers or kindred diseases.

The following letter, written by Rev. Edward Rondthaler to his Young Men's Bible Class, will prove of deep interest to our readers. We are indebted to Mr. Clarence Crist for the privilege of publishing them.

My Dear Brethren, At Sea, May 8th, 1879.

It requires some degree of devotion to one's friends to write letters to them under present circumstances, when the saloon is so near, and so full of temptation. Now it is up and next it goes down. And one's eyes sometimes get quite dizzy in following the letters on the sheet of paper.

We are now in the middle of the ocean and also in the deepest part of it. The log at noon showed that we were in lat. 43° 59' and long. 49° 47'. Had come 1580 sea miles from Philadelphia, and still 1321 to travel ere reaching Liverpool. The ocean is here almost five miles deep.

We have thus had a very prosperous voyage. On coming North we found that our steamer would not sail on Thursday, May 1st, but on Saturday, the 3rd, so that we were put back seven days in our journey. On the next Sunday after leaving you, I preached to my old congregation of Brooklyn, where I had a most cordial welcome. Having then spent several days at Bethlehem, I went to Philadelphia on May 1st and on the evening of the 2nd after the lovefeast tendered us in the 2nd Church, went on board the steamer Ohio, and spent the night in my comfortable state-room beside the dock.

Saturday, the 3rd, dawned brightly. At an early hour all aboard the steamer were up. Among other friends who came down to see us off we were glad to see Mr. Moller of Salem. Soon after 8 o'clock the gang-ways were removed, the cables loosened from the wharf, and we slowly ran out into the stream, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and cheers of the crowd on the dock. The log was spent in sailing down the broad canal Delaware. At 4 P. M. our Pilot left us. Soon afterwards we passed the shining sandy beach of Cape May, and the light-house, and by five o'clock we had lost sight of dear America.

Our ship is a very fine one, nearly 350 feet long and nearly 40 days. The saloon is large and comfortable, and as all the delegates sit at one table we have pleasant chats. Our state-rooms are also large and nice as they can be at sea. I am employed with a penicillin skill, however, to get in and out of my upper berth while the ship is pitching up and down and rolling from one side to the other, and the other side, and so on. As the roof of Salem church. Our vessel has two masts, and occasionally all the sails are set, but the great reliance is, of course, on the powerful engine.

And now I must close for to-day. Yesterday to see it. The working cranks weigh 27 tons. There are 9 furnaces; the condenser with the water jacket, and the vessel through the water is about 150 feet long and several feet in diameter. A little clock registers each turn of the screw. There had been 3500 turns of the screw since leaving Philadelphia. It is fearfully hot down here.

Day after day we have the vast waste of waters around us, sometimes the sun-rays make bright paths over them; sometimes the moonbeams glisten on the waves. As we are taking a southerly course, we see few vessels. Yesterday a large steamer, with a couple of miles of us, the nearest vessel we have yet had. Often there is not a single thing in sight for hours. Last night and to-day there has been a heavy swell, owing to a storm farther east. It is a splendid sight to see the ship dip down and then rise on the crest of the wave, and to see the foam around her and washing the forecastle deck. But it is tough writing under such circumstances.

We have all, with one exception, been seasick. My dose came on Monday, lasted the afternoon and evening, and was just about enough to be good for me. Some of the brethren are faring worse, and a number of them are very seasickish again to-day. I have lost no meals, but have, a couple of times, been a little queasy in the morning. On ship-board it is 6 o'clock, but my watch, on which I am keeping Salem time, shows only two o'clock, and we are now to the East. Yesterday at noon our log gave the distance from Philadelphia at 2483 sea miles (a sea-mile is one-sixth more than a land mile) and to-morrow sometime we hope to reach Queenstown.

Our sea-sick people are all right again. Our voyage has, with the blessing of God, been very prosperous thus far, and to-morrow we are now to the East. Yesterday at noon our log gave the distance from Philadelphia at 2483 sea miles (a sea-mile is one-sixth more than a land mile) and to-morrow sometime we hope to reach Queenstown.

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## DIED.

Near Sedge Garden, in this county, recently, WILLIAM TERRY, aged about 74 years.

At Friedberg, on the 29th June, Victor BESSET, infant son of E. J. Spangh, Esq.

Col. R. L. Patterson.

The personal friends of Col. R. L. PATTERSON will be pained to learn of his death this week, at his home in Salem, after a brief illness, which began June 22d, 1879, at Palmira, the family homestead in Caldwell Co., N. C., and died July 15th, 1879.

Few of our citizens were better known or more generally liked throughout the State than REUBEN PATTERSON. Fortunate in his descent, naturally gifted with graces of person and manner beyond most men, thoroughly educated, of liberal views and refined culture, it was quite in accordance with the fitness of things that he should draw around him and attach to himself many of his walks in life. But such was his kindness that he was as gentle, and as much "given to hospitality" to the poor and humble as to those of his own rank and station.

Whatever his faults and frailties, and he had both, as has every human being, whatever his mistakes, and he may have made many, they were in the main those that seem often to cling and cling to genial and generous dispositions. No one could justly say there was anything *evil* about this man, and all would unite in the testimony that judged by his conduct, day by day, to his friends, neighbors, acquaintances, strangers, whoever or whatever they were, he was unfailingly the hospitable, courteous, obliging gentleman. Nor did he lack talents and capacity for the public service. It was only because he shrank from the strain of friendships and the attendant excitement and inseparable bitterness of activity in his line, that his real ability was not recognized to the extent that numbers of his fellow-citizens desired. Still, when quite a young man, perhaps not more than twenty-eight years of age, he was Chairman of the County Court of Forsyth, being elected to that position in 1858, retaining it until universal approval until 1863, when, to the regret of the people, he resigned, in order to change his residence, having made quite a reputation for judicial ability; was repeatedly Mayor of Salem, Forsyth county, along with Judge T. J. Wilson, and again elected to the same position, in 1865, from the town of Salem, and was a Trustee of the University of North Carolina, of which institution he was a graduate and very ardent friend.

Col. PATTERSON was twice married. First, on April 6th, 1852, to Marie L. Morehead, daughter of Gov. J. M. Morehead, of Greensboro. Second, on June 14th, 1864, to Mary E. Fries, daughter of Francis Fries, Esq., of Salem. Of the tender relations in home and family, while bereaved hearts are yet so fresh, we only say that he was a devoted husband, and a devoted father. Even in *early* life he should not be left from the sanctuary of the widow and the fatherless. We only say that he may feel the inestimable comfort of realizing that the departed is still with him "where MERCY is over all His works."

Winston Tobacco Market.

REPORTED BY A. B. GORRELL.

WINSTON, N. C., July 15, 1879.

Breaks reasonably fair both in quantity and quality. Prices fall on all grades. Bright and fancy wappers and smokers very scarce and demand high prices.

A favorable time for planters to close out the remainder of the crop.

LEAF.—Com. bright, \$3.00 to \$4.00  
" " " " 4.00 to 6.00  
" Good " 6.50 to 9.00  
" Fine " 10.00 to 13.00  
" Fancy " 15.00 to 20.00

LEAF.—Com. dark, 4.50 to 6.00  
" Good and red, 7.00 to 9.00  
" Com. bright, 5.50 to 10.00  
" Good " 10.50 to 14.00

WRAPPERS.—Com. bright 15.00 to 18.00  
" Good " 20.00 to 25.00  
" Fine " 30.00 to 40.00  
" Fancy, 45.00 to 75.00

MARGARINE WRAPPERS.—Com. and medium, 16.00 to 22.00  
" Good, 25.00 to 30.00  
" Fine, 25.00 to 50.00

No material change



